

EASTER.

Something About the Day and its Origin.

How it Has Been and is Observed.

Last Sunday was Easter, the Christian pasover and festival of the resurrection of Christ.

St. Paul calls Christ "our Pasch," and both the eastern and western churches from the beginning distinguished a twofold event in the Easter commemoration, the slaying of the "Lamb of God" and his resurrection; hence the term in their liturgies, *pascua crucifixionis* and *pascua resurrectionis*. And the distinction between the day on which Christ died and that on which he rose again had not a little to do with the controversy in the early church, originating in a difference of custom with regard to the day of the week and the day of the month on which Easter should be celebrated. As the Christians held that Christ, the true paschal lamb, had been slain on the very day when the Jews in celebration of their pasover immolated the fugitive lamb, so, both in the West and in the East, those who believed the Christian pasover to be a commemoration of Christ's death adhered to the custom of holding the Easter festivities on the day prescribed for the Jewish pasch. Now, as the Jews celebrated their pasover on the 14th day of the first month, that is to say, the lunar month of which the 14th day either falls on or next follows the day of the vernal equinox, all Christians who persist in following this custom in the celebration of Easter came to be quaterdecimians or "fourteen-day men," or, still more opprobriously, Judaizing Christians. The great majority of Christian churches, attaching most importance to the day of Christ's resurrection, which was the first day of the week (hence called the Lord's day, or Sunday), held to Easter's being celebrated on that day and on the Sunday which followed the 14th day of the moon of March, the day on which Christ suffered. This question, one of custom and local discipline in its beginning, had given so much trouble that in 1582 Pope Gregory, disciple of St. John the Evangelist and bishop of Smyrna, went to consult with Pope Sixtus on the means of healing the difference. In the council held in Rome on this occasion, the western or present manner of celebrating Easter was affirmed; but Polycarp departed with the full friendship of the pope and in the communion of the church of Rome. Gradually, however, the question of the Easter celebration from one of discipline became one of dogma. In 162 a priest called Blaise made himself very obnoxious in Rome by endeavoring to have the Jewish rule of celebrating Easter on the 14th day of the moon of March adopted as a rule of faith. The council immediately ordered that the Christian world had become so angry that Polycarp, bishop of Ephesus, appealed to Victor, bishop of Rome, asking to have this matter decided at once and for all. Councils were at once assembled in Greece, Pontus, Orence, Achaia, and other countries, as well as Rome. The result was a decision fixing the feast of Easter, or the resurrection, on the Sunday immediately following the 14th day of the March moon. Polycarp refused to acquiesce in this decision, because it involved an abandonment of excommunication pronounced against the quaterdecimians by the council of Rome as held in allegiance at the prayer of Irene of Lyons, and a schism was thus averted. After this the contending parties agreed to maintain their respective customs and practices in this matter without interfering with one another. Constantine had the subject brought before the council of Nice, in 325. The question was fully discussed, and finally settled for the whole church by adopting the rule which made Easter day to be always the first Sunday after the full moon which happens upon or next after March 21, and if the full moon happen on a Sunday, Easter Sunday is the day following. This sacred festival has been termed the queen of festivals; it has been observed from the very beginning and is celebrated in every part of the Christian world with great solemnity and devotion. Formerly the churches were ornamented with large wax candles, and Christians saluted each other with a kiss and the words, "Christ is risen," to which the response was made, "He has risen indeed." This custom is still retained in the Greek church, particularly in Russia. The day before Easter Sunday, or Holy Saturday, has ever been set apart as a day for specially solemnizing Baptism. Courts of justice were closed, alms were distributed, slaves were freed, and the people gave themselves up to enjoyment and feasting. In nearly all Christian countries the recurrence of Easter has been celebrated with various ceremonies and popular sports and observances. Among the best known is the custom of making presents of colored eggs, called pasch or pasc eggs, which were often elaborately ornamented, and in a royal roll of the time of Edward I. preserved in the tower, appears an entry of 18d. for 400 eggs to be used for this purpose. Colored eggs were used by children at Easter in a sort of game which consists in testing the strength of the egg shells, and this practice is still continued in most Christian countries. In some parts of Ireland the legend is current that the sun dances in the sky on Easter Sunday morning. The game of ball was a favorite Easter sport in Eastern municipalities, and in the Middle Ages the corporations formerly engaged with due parade and dignity, and at Bury St. Edmund's within a few years the game was kept up with great spirit by the old men. In the northern counties of England the men parade the streets on Easter Sunday, and claim the privilege of lifting every woman three times from the ground, receiving in payment a kiss or a silver penny. The same is done by the women to the men on the next day.

This tale Mrs. A. R. French, who has given this lady its most warm endorsement and support, the leading papers of the larger cities, especially.

Mrs. French has peculiar claims upon Missouri, being one of its own fair daughters. She is the daughter of Mr. Threlkeld, one of Kansas City's oldest and most prominent merchants and bankers, and Mrs. French, formerly a well known Kansas City, journalist, is also a merchant in the same place.

This lady's repertoire embraces some beautiful selections, chief among which is "The Polish Boy," which affords rare scope to her elocutionary powers.

Our citizens, and we hope to see Mrs. French welcomed by a full house.

SPRING

And a Few Verdant Thoughts On It.

Oh, Spring!
You have come again.
How we love thee, sunny spring—oh, spring!

In the springtime the young man's fancy lightly turns to love—to love to get away from work and go a-fishing.

Spring is the time when Nature puts on her loveliest and she don't slip 'em on over her head, nuther.

Sometimes we think we could wish it was always spring; then as we remember the watermelon, we ain't so rotten sure about it.

Spring is good in its way. Elections get ripe in spring. We always like to be around when they cut an election or open a candidate.

There's more morality in Winter and the ice three feet thick, than there is in Spring; but there ain't half as much fun. And its fun that counts.

Some fellows can't see any poetry in Nature and Spring, but we never failed to appreciate ham and sandwich and good Bourbon at a May party yet.

In the Spring the farmer sows his seed. And the crow that sits a mile off on a dead limb knows every bit of corn by heart.

For as yet now, so shall ye reap.

We sowed in Spring once—sowed a patch on our breeches. It grew first rate until night, but when we went to shuck the load, we found the patch and the drawers had all grown together. That's the kind of a Granger we was.

There ain't the slightest doubt but that Spring is the youngest time of the year. Young lams always come in Spring, and gamble on the green.

Mary had a lam in Spring.

Spring is the time to go fishing, and some people would rather go fishing on Sunday than praise the Lord. Get up right early and praise the Lord before you dig your worms.

We would not die in Spring time—in fact, we've looked the almanac over keenerly, and here come to the conclusion that if there's any dying got to be done, the 30th of February is our day.

There is one wholesome vegetable that gets mellow in Spring—its buck beer. Plant it deep, or it may get frost bit.

In the Spring April showers bring forth May flowers. We're a May flower—XXXX, one hundred pounds to the sack.

Spring is the time when everybody buys a new suit of clothes—we always buy our new clothes in August, when you kin get ten yards of linen for a dollar.

People should go abroad in Spring, some—out into the fields—out into the woods—out to the beer garden and look at Nature. It is good to look at, when its fresh and runs all over the glass.

The circus gits ripe in Spring, and the organ grinder are in full bloom. The organ grinder comes from Italy, but they grow like a native in this country.

Spring and youth is the time to serve the Lord; but if we hired a fellow we would rather have a full grown man on the 21st day of June, and make him work from sun to sun even into the fourth generation.

We could tell you a heap more about Spring; but the fact is we've got a powerful spirit of knowledge to spread out in this paper, and it won't do to put too much in.

Yes, reader, you must learn by experience. When the middle of June comes, you will know all about Spring, when its too late.

But the above hints may help you through.

Cut 'em out.

They have saved whole families.

The Recent Railroad Strike.

The recent strike on the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad has been very disastrous in its effects on members of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers and other railroad employees belonging to trades unions. Like the managers of the Reading Railroad Company, the managers of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe have decided not to employ men on their road in the future who belong to the Brotherhood or trades unions. The success of both these roads in securing good and competent men who do not belong to any union will undoubtedly have a whole-some effect on the union men employed on other roads, and will deter them in the future from hastily engaging in a strike, for any such attempt would throw them out of employment, and force the other roads to take the same step taken by the above named lines.

The Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad now exacts the following declaration and conditions from all those employed on the line:

1. He solemnly declares, on his word of honor, that he is not a member of any secret labor or trade union, association, brotherhood or combination; and

2. So long as he remains in the service of the above company, he agrees not to become a member of such union, association or brotherhood, and that he will not join in any combined attempt to coerce or dictate to the said company in any manner; and

3. He promises and agrees to conform to and abide by all the rules and regulations as established by the said company, by its proper officers and representatives, for the control and discipline of its employees, in an obedient and cheerful manner; and

4. He agrees to give ten days' notice to the said company of any intention to leave its service, unless such notice is waived by the said company; and

5. In the event of a failure on his part to give such ten days' notice (unless waived by the said company), he agrees to forfeit to the said company any and all pay or compensation which may be due from the said company for past services.

Hon. E. B. Washburne.

This prominent public personage, who has occupied many important positions in and under the government, one of which was U. S. minister to Paris during the siege by the Prussians, arrived in the city Friday night, and left yesterday morning. Mr. Washburne formerly resided at Galena, Illinois, but now lives in Chicago. He is on his return from a trip to the Hot Springs and the Gulf. He is a hale and hearty looking old gentleman, and has many years in his yet.

Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup has been before the public for years and is pronounced by thousands superior to all other articles for the cure of coughs, colds, influenza and all pulmonary complaints. It costs only 25 cents a bottle.

Two fine large mares with colts. Just right for farm work. Cochrane & Truxel, Sedalia Music Store, Sedalia, Mo. wt

A TYRO'S TRIP.

The Son of a Bank President in Limbo.

Starts from Ohio with \$800, and Lands in Sedalia's Calaboose.

At a late hour Friday night, a stranger who gave his name as Charles E. Andrews, who is a cattle man at Green Ridge, delivered over to the custody of officers Smith and Gray a youth about 17 years of age, whom he accused of having robbed him. The boy was consigned to a cell in the calaboose, and yesterday morning a Bazon reporter interviewed him, and elicited the following, which, if true, is

A STRANGE STORY.

Ferdinand Randall is a good looking, intelligent boy, with large lustrous black eyes that were filled with tears as the reporter entered. After stating his mission, the youth told his story in a plain straight forward manner.

My name is Ferdinand Randall, and I am 17 years old. My home is in Zanesville, Ohio, where I have a step-father, mother, two brothers and a sister. My step-father's name is John R. Borles, formerly of Baltimore, but now

PRESIDENT OF THE MUTUAL BUILDING AND SAVINGS BANK, of Zanesville. I have served three years at the trade of a painter.

About three months ago young Randall became too intimate with a young girl in Zanesville, and fearing natural developments and the shame and scandal that were inevitable, he hastily collected together all the effects he could avail himself of and secretly left his home. He had, altogether about \$800, of which \$250 was in cash, a gold watch, pistols, clothing, etc., constituted the remainder. He

RECALLED HIS JOURNEY

by going to Columbus, thence to Piqua, thence to St. Louis, where he remained one week. From St. Louis he went to Kansas City, when his funds gave out. From there he went to Fort Scott, and thence to Green Ridge, which latter place he reached about a week ago.

He found employment at Bond's hotel, and Friday afternoon, upon entering the room of Mr. Charles E. Andrews, a stock man who boards there,

HE SAW HIS TEMPTATION

in the shape of a valise, and a suit of clothes. About 6 o'clock he took the above mentioned articles and leaving the hotel unobserved, struck out on the railroad track for Sedalia. After walking about two miles he was overtaken by a freight train, which he succeeded in boarding and took up his position on the top of a car near the engine.

It so happened that Mr. Andrews discovered the theft shortly after it was perpetrated, and at once

MISTAKEN THE THIEF

and the direction he had taken. He boarded the caboose of the first freight bound north, which proved to be the identical one Randall had taken, so that the fugitive and the pursuer were both, unknown to each other, on the same train.

When the train arrived at the yard in this city, Mr. Andrews saw his man get off the train dressed in his clothes. He immediately drew a pistol and arrested him, after which he turned him over to the

REMOSE.

Randall says that after he had got on top of the train he saw a rider rapidly on horseback, and he thought sure he was after him. All the way here, he imagined every person by the roadside knew of his guilt, and he expected to see a posse any moment suddenly appear and stop the train, take him off and hang him.

Mr. Andrews, it is said, feels told to prosecute the boy on account of his extreme youth, and thinks that Randall did the act under a momentary impulse, without realizing at the time its enormity.

Reporter—Is this your first offense of this character?

Randall—Yes, and the last one.

Rep.—Have you written to your family since you left home?

Ran.—Yes, several times. That stock man is a mighty good man, and if he will let me out of this scrape, I will never forget his kindness.

Such is the boy's story. He is very young, and it may be true. He appeared to be heartily repentant, and overcome with grief at his disgrace.

"A Egg."

Mr. Joseph M. Jones, who resides about two miles northwest of Georgetown, on the "Reeves farm," informs us of a singular egg that was found on his place a few days since. It was a hen's egg, of extraordinary size but perfectly shaped. When broken it was found that the white contained another egg enclosed in a soft shell. It was an extraordinary egg.

A Sedalian Hurt.

The Kansas City Times of yesterday morning states that "about 4 o'clock Friday afternoon a young man about twenty-one years of age, named Michael Morriery, from Sedalia, attempted to get on to engine No. 84, of the Missouri Pacific railroad, just opposite the 'Baby Elevator' in west Kansas, but his foot slipping, he fell, and was dragged about two rods before the engine was brought to a full stop. The engine was running backwards and was going very slow, or he no doubt would have been killed. His left leg was run over, and injured to such an extent that amputation will be necessary. Dr. Bigner was sent for, but he not being at home, Dr. Harter came, and had him removed to the Sisters' Hospital. Morriery has a brother on the K. P. road, and resides at Sedalia, where his mother now is. She was at once telegraphed of the accident. It is almost a miracle that he was not literally cut to pieces, and but for the engine being barely in motion he no doubt would have been killed. No blame whatever can be attached to the engineer, as the fireman of the switch engine was sitting on the tank when he attempted to get on, and gave the engineer a signal to stop as soon as he saw him slip. The marks on the brake beam were quite visible, where his heel slipped, shortly after the accident."

His brother, James Morriery, who is employed in the Missouri Pacific shops here, left for Kansas City last night, to attend the injured man.

The advertising agent of Cole's Circus was in town this week but failed to make terms with our officials and consequently the show will give the "go-by" this season.—Columbian Statesman.

Wanted.

A farm to rent or to work upon shares—60 to 100 acres—with good house, barn, etc. Will take it at once if terms are satisfactory. For further particulars, see or address Cochrane & Truxel, Sedalia Music Store, Sedalia, Mo. wt

Edward Blanchard, of Sedalia, is visiting his parents and friends at this place.—Verdant Gazette.

FLEA BITES.



—They preach to-day on "The Young Man's Question." We know all about the question. What we want to know is, "What did the young girl say?"

—We see a patent medicine advertisement headed, "Enjoy Life." If that old summer moon will give us a check for \$5,000, we will show him a roster who can get more enjoyment out of six weeks, than all his medicine will give in 10,000 years.

—It is very well to talk about sudden abstinence, and tell about that old woman who drank gin for eighty years, and suddenly stopped without experiencing any evil effects. She had her darning old hide so full that she won't feel dry if she lives to be a hundred. Just furnish us the gin for 80 years, and we'll chew it right off when our time is up, and run on jolly remembrance the balance of our life.

—Ex-Queen Isabella will sell her \$400,000 worth of diamonds at auction next July in Paris.

If we only had that 30 cents we loaned out the other day—but what's the use?

—Since Elizabeth's last letter, at least ten million Americans have parted their lips to say, "Oh, the husky!"—Jefferson City Tribune.

Just so. And you bet your life they said it too—and it was the word "the husky" on it.

—Mr. Bayard Taylor's bust has been modeled by Mr. Marshall Swayne, and will remain at Kennet Square.

Bayard Taylor's last bust was modeled on a beer keg, and after he got away with about 200 glasses, people said it was the finest piece of statuary that was ever held up between two men.

An editor narrowly escaped having his pockets picked of \$10,000 in a crowd in Philadelphia, last week. The thief got off with his wallet, but fortunately it contained only sixteen cents and a receipt to make good that would keep six months without coming.—Northwestern Herald.

Hold on. Stop right there. Where did he get those sixteen cents? Or had he embezzled the capital of his office and was he on his way to Canada?

The colored people baptized in Post Oak yesterday afternoon.—Wednesday News.

Why not use black walnut?

—Mrs. Anna Bowler, who in her childhood used to sit on Dr. Sam. Johnson's knee, has just died in England at the age of ninety-seven.

We will just remark right here for the benefit of the girls, that there's lots of fellows in this town who have got just as good knees as Sam. Johnson ever dared to have.

—North Adams has a cat that nurses a chicken.

Dead loads of Sedalia eat the same thing. Just kisses the chicken all over and puts it away inside to keep it warm.

Nine hundred loads missed Booneville one day this week. Milo Blair stood on the bank of the river and made them a speech, thinking them a colored regiment from the Plains.

—Government land costs \$125 an acre and whisky \$3 a gallon. And yet there are many who prefer whisky to land.

Of course. Six drinks of whisky always makes a man rich; when he gets a gallon in him, he owns a 200-foot right of way around the entire globe. The next day he gets over 100 acres out of that same old gallon.

—Oliver Logan says that you can tell an American in Paris by his boots.

And an American by her garters, Oliver. Sure sign. Never fails.

—The first New England woman that learned Greek has just died at sixty-four. Is sixty-four in Greece? We've looked every war map over in vain.

—The woman from Illinois who has been waiting here three days for the arrival of her six-year-old boy, gave up the search.—Kansas City Mail.

Missouri women don't wait for 6 year old boys. They catch 'em when they're right young.

Picadorial

—They have to spit twice on the bait this year for good luck.

—The best way to carry bait is to put the worms in your mouth. They are so handy to reach.

—Several way fine fish have been caught this season at various favorite places on Flat creek. The quality this year is greater and the quality superior.

—A fishing party, composed of young people of both sexes, left the city for Flat creek yesterday morning. To-day they will find there several bites. Ticks.

—On Friday night a party was made up to visit Flat creek for night fishing. They all reported on time except a physician. He started out afterward and attempted to find them. When he reached the woods he began the old "rebel yell" to attract their attention. He was answered from two sources—the friends he was seeking and from overhead in a tree, where two owls were crouching. The latter screamed out: "Who—who—who him?" The Doctor suddenly remembered that night in gloomy bottoms is dangerous, and he lit out for Sedalia. He thinks fish bite better in daylight.

—A bright and beautiful child shows in its very expression that its babyhood was not associated with opium, opials, etc.—for the continued use of opium is antagonistic to health. That valuable and highly recommended remedy for the disorders of babyhood, Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup is absolutely free from morphia and all other dangerous agents, and can be safely employed at all times. Only 25 cents per bottle.

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BET YER LIFE.

That Here is What Will Make You Happy.

And Who Cares if Gold is only 1-8?

Cop, this is a load column.

Lord! You bet. You can hear it 8,000 miles.

That's the diameter of the globe.

But this ain't the globe—It's the Bazon. In the inner economy of nature and everlasting common sense and fustiness, Europe's fit to commit political suicide once again. In order to advance the interests of murdering these fellows off, we shall sit still and cry hallelujah! whenever a battle has been fought. For it is immaterial to us who gets whipped, because we grow the corn and wheat, make a few pistols and muskets and they pay for 'em.

So hurrah! Let 'em fight.

What does the American Eagle care whether the Russian Bear hugs the British Lion, or the Lion claws his heart's delight out of the Bear?

There are too many men in this world for comfort and hot weather, anyhow.

The first event of any interest that we remember of this week, is a couple getting married. This is always a big event in a family—marriage is. It is the beginning, as it were of a new world.

But it's the same old thing.

Man—when he gets about 21—thinks it is not good to be alone. So he goes into partnership with some female angel. In years afterward he sometimes is led by natural causes to reflect, and think, whether, after all, it is not better for man to have a little solitude.

But about this couple last week. They got married.

Here are the reporter's notes taken at the end of one week after the interesting event:

A blushing couple—lately wed—Had sought their western home, 'tis said; Where the young husband with his dear; Easy'd to help him pierce.

He hired to help him pierce, And she employed no kitchen-maid— This in a careful, prudent way, 'Preparing for a rainy day."

The bride with health and beauty blest, Was petted, doted, and caressed; The honey-moon seemed never to end, It hardly could be sung or said!

But things grew mild on table, shelf, The house seem'd not to "keep" itself— No place for this or that, was found— Things were promiscuously pitch'd around.

As is old bachelor's hall, where Cato, Chase, the dirty dishes reek'd in time; Where bows, unbidden, miserly breed, And brawn-burst burst, miserly breed; Where elbows, like a ragged rhyme, Echo'd the old "bachelor's" rhyme.

Where beds are made with many a hill, Convuls'd as by a threshing mill; Where cobwebs, dust and lumber, lie, Detestable as printer's pie;

Where speck and flies and bugs abound; And creeping things invade the ground! Well—when the food, bewilder'd man, With whom our story just began, Awoke to see how things appear'd, Or how his home was engineer'd—

I'll every cleanly find was gone. When the fam'd disher Hood had sung, The very last—was on him hung— He thought to gentle him desire.

To be supplied with fresh attire; So bright and early out he creeps, One morn, while yet his darling sleeps; Builds high the fire; proceeds, and, Fild with soft smiles, on.

This done, just then, avowing him, His angel, with her nightcap raid, And looking earnest and am'd, Exclaim'd, "(as something were am'd)" "Why, husband! husband! how is this? Do tell me precious!—tell me why This strange performance meets my eye?"

Where speck and flies and bugs abound; But I must somehow have some clo's!" You see, by Jove! there is a lack! The last clean thing is on my back!

As he slum'd—with decency said he, "Dear Rose, But I must somehow have some clo's!" You see, by Jove! there is a lack! The last clean thing is on my back!

"Wah, love, while at it, GIVE FOR ME!"

Thus women's rights wives do begin To break their naughty husbands in; Bet a dollar note he did not offer to do that three months after.

This warm, bright weather, however, is just like a honeymoon, for Spring has come, and by and by Along will come the circus.

When little urchins all will try Hard and long to jerk us, Out of a quarter to go to the show, As we old chaps say the time ago.

Grit, is the thing we always admire unless we find it in an oyster or a new loaf of bread. It is something that offends the teeth and the nerves, and is dangerous to the stomach; but when a young man full of health and vigor lies under the shade of a tree and dreams of future greatness, we like to help the young idea to shoot.

We don't know who this young man is, but he evidently wants to shoot:

"There is a dangerous fellow somewhere down east or somewhere else, who ought not to be at large. He threatens to play the very deuce and break up things generally in consequence of a faithless gal, who has broke her troth to him, and married another fellow. If he should carry his threats into execution what would become of us? Hear him!"

I'll grasp the loud thunder; With lightning I'll play, I'll rend the earth asunder, And kick it away!

Now that's attempting considerable for one man; however, if he is willing to assume the responsibility and pay damages, why let him smash away, we're not afraid. He next says:

The rainbow I'll straddle, And ride on the moon; Over the ocean I'll paddle In the bowl of a spoon!

Well, that won't hurt anybody. Go ahead, old chap. We like to encourage a laudable spirit of adventure.